

HOME NEWS

-Delaney, a man living on William's River, killed a bear last week. Then began a reign of plenty.

-Mr. J. H. G. Wilson's favorite horse, "Toby," so well known to almost everyone, died on Wednesday morning of lung fever.

-Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, had the misfortune to lose three good hounds, by some miserable wretch shooting them in the woods.

-Mr. Renick Carr who has been living on the G. H. McLaughlin place near Dunmore, will soon move to his farm near Glade Hill, on which he is at present erecting a comfortable dwelling place.

-Charles Lee and Barton Douglas, two negroes, were lodged in jail last Saturday, charged with rape, by Hannah Burgess. The accusation is such that it did not create much excitement. All parties are from the Levels District.

-Mr. F. M. Durbin is stricken down with apoplexy, in Parkersburg, last week, and for awhile his life was despaired of. The latest news is that he is better, and on a fair way to complete recovery.

LATER: word comes of Mr. F. M. Durbin's death on Saturday. Thus passeth a noble minded, Christian gentleman to his reward.

-A peculiar process of law has taken in Staunton, the other day in a divorce suit. The father had taken the child of the marriage and had ran away with him. The mother had a receiver appointed to hold the child until the court decided who should have it. A case similar to this proceeding, is reported in the Old Testament, 1 Sol. 315.

-The splash dam on William's River is a pretty big affair. When the gates are opened the water rushes out like a cataract, and the roar may be heard a great distance. It takes hours to empty, and causes a four foot flood fifteen miles below the dam. We will hear of somebody being drowned by a "splash" some day.

-Mr. E. F. McLaughlin, of Dunmore, recently sold a bunch of wethers, some of which weighed 150 pounds. As an example of what may be done in sheep raising take the following account of his past season's handling sheep: On April 1st, he bought 91 sheep for \$226. He has sold from his flock \$206 worth and has 73 sheep on hand.

-Frank Thomson has introduced a herd of about ten Angora goats, an animal not usually seen in these woods. They are white and have long hair. When they have to be driven across a small stream, the best plan is to lay a rail across, and they take a dry passage over. They were driven through Marlinton at night, and were detected by their peculiar odour, which is not at all nice.

-A gentleman who is famillier with both places says that the fortifications around Traveler's Repose thrown up during the war are as extensive, and big as those around Petersburg, Va.

The Confederates were camped there and the Yankee camp was at Cheat Bridge about ten miles away to the west of them.

The Confederates left this camp and moved to the top of the Alleghany, one night and by daylight every building was burned by the Yankees.

A battle was fought on the top of the Alleghany, and the Confederate troops wintered there.

Wanted—A Deer.

Last Monday morning, word came from the lips of a very diminutive boy that a big six-prong buck was lying in a patch of woods on the point of the ridge near Mr. Aaron Moor's house. About five or six men went there immediately and just as they arrived at the covert where the deer was hiding, it was jumped by a pack of hounds which made music and brought the deer right by Pat Simmons. It looked like murder to Pat, but he pulled away at it for a half a dozen shots, and the echoes of his old 44 hung around those hollows for some days. The deer passed on and came in view of the writer, who is the philanthropist who runs this paper. This gentleman had gone up the wrong ridge, but look-

ing across the valley saw the deer hugging the opposite hillside. He shut his eyes and started the ball from his Winchester, which was neatly dodged by the deer. This was repeated five times. The deer passed on. Not to be partial, it went out of its way, to give Mr. Hubball a chance, but he has reserved his fire until the present moment. Next it came by Paris Yeager who sent three shots in "that direction." It was evident that the deer bore a charmed life. It had only one more call to make, and presented itself to Mr. Ricketts, an English gentleman, and stopped to take a drink. Mr. Ricketts took two shots at it—and the last seen of the deer was on the point of the ridge near Levi Gay's going like all Marlinton was after it.

This famous buck has been in the woods around this place for eight years. It has been often seen and is known by its deliberate movements, its immense size, and its fine horns.

Personal.

Samuel Scott, Esq., recently of Huntersville, has been admitted to the bar, and has located in Marlinton for the practice of his profession.

S. W. Holt and P. Goldin, two of our merchants, are in Baltimore this week to buy their winter goods.

G. D. Oliver & Bro., is the style of the new firm at Green Bank, which will take the business of the firm recently burned out there. They are stocking the store-house recently occupied by Jacob Boner.

Fred. Wallace, of Mill Point, at school at the University of Virginia, and Ed. Yeager, of Marlinton, in the employ of the Census Bureau at Washington, came home to vote.

Miss Eliza Kee, who has a desk in the Land Office in Washington, is visiting her old home at Marlinton.

The week before the election, Mr. John A. Preston, of Lewisburg, and Mr. W. A. Bratton, of Marlinton, canvassed the county in the interests of the Democratic party. They were met everywhere, with the exception of the town of Huntersville, with large and enthusiastic crowds of people, and they did a world of good. Mr. Preston is the coming statesman of West Virginia; to quote the words of Mr. Uriah Hevener, "He's a William L. Wilson; it's the best speech ever I heard, a 'nit it?" Mr. Bratton made a most excellent speech, full of clear reasoning, and thoroughly in earnest. It is his first campaign, and one feels sure that he will soon be recognized everywhere as a power in the political field.

Election Day.

Last Tuesday was a bad day for an election, the snow falling and melting as it fell, and a crowd of voters stood on the sixty-foot dead line around the polls, early in the morning waiting for a chance to vote; about nine o'clock Mr. Levi Gay, came to the door and announced, "Oyez! the polls are now open!" and "the animals went in three by three" and voted.

The gravest apprehension has been felt for a long time that this precinct was destined to go Republican. This was materialized when the Swago contingent began to fill in. The voters were coming and going all day and at no time was there a crowd in the town.

One or two took some drinks and got up a little false excitement, but they soon went to sleep in some convenient hay-mow, after the style of "Old Ironsides."

The whole day was as quiet and ordinary as any other day in Marlinton.

The result showed four votes in favor of the Republicans, but there were nine Democratic votes that were lost by none of the ballots being cancelled. The whole vote was 143.

Last Monday, as Lock Kee was driving by the livery stable, his horses became unmanageable, and began to kick. His sister, Miss Eliza, and Ed. Yeager, who were driving with him, jumped out of the wagon, but he staid in and tried to manage the horses. The wagon was presently upset and he received serious injuries about the head, being unconscious for some time. He is now recovering. The wagon was mashed into bits.

THROUGH THE GOOP!

Gone Republican!

The World, the Fullness thereof.

A Republican Legislature and all four Congressmen Lost.

Logan Probably Elected, as one of Three Senators.

Hill Defeated by 100,000 Maj.

Alderson Defeated by 2500.

Chickens for Sale at this Office.

We are beaten. Our big head is reduced, and we have received the punishment that we deserve for our carelessness. "We would not lime up," and the future looks black. The old Democratic Ship has been wrecked under the pilotage of Grover Cleveland, and he alone remains to view "the ruin he has wrought."

Mr. Alderson is defeated past a doubt with Kanawha's majority of 2300 and Fayette's 1000.

Plenty of bad news, and more to come

Balfour elected, the Czar dead, and China gone Republican.

Mr. Windy Wilson loses his season's work, and finds "a power that keeps him from going to the United States Senate."

"Well-'tis well that I should bluster!" "Comfort! comfort scorned of devils!" "Oh the dreary, dreary moreland, Oh the barren, barren shore—" "But 'tis truth the poet sings, that a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

But we deserve the lesson we have received, and the future remains to prove whether the action of the present Congress is justifiable. We will be drawn closer together by the reverse we have met, and nothing remains but for us to press on to the things that are before, and do what is needful to wipe out in 1896 the disgraceful rout of 1894.

The Deer.

There are a lot of deer in the Green Bank country, this fall. It is supposed that the work on the Gandy Creek railroad has driven them into Pocahontas. Five were killed in one day by a party of hunters in the "Upper Tract."

Four deer were seen in a large pasture, near Green Bank, last Friday. They were racing along in Indian file, and trotted around in every direction. On being frightened by the spectators, they waved their handkerchiefs and took to the mountain fastnesses.

Deer are killed daily in that section.

They do say that Poley Arbogast murdered one the other day. Two posts were set in the ground near together at the bottom and diverging at the top. A deer in running tried to jump through this opening, and falling became wedged between the posts, so that it could not move. Mr. Arbogast, who is a crippled man, saw it and taking a gun deliberately blew its brains out.

Jail Delivery.

Andrew Kellison, the boy who was lying in jail on the charge of burglary—having made a confession of robbing Overholt's store at Buckeye—escaped from the Huntersville jail last Monday evening at supper time.

Jailer Doyle had taken his supper to him, and had opened the door to take it into the cell, when Kellison ran by him, and by another man, who struck at the escaping prisoner with a stick of stove wood. The outer door being open Kellison escaped to the open air and has not been heard from since.

That old jail is a nuisance. Its arrangement is such that it is impossible for the jailer to tend the prisoners, without giving them a chance to knock him on the head or run by him as was done in this case. Though that building is quite new, it is built on a very antiquated style, and the new jail at Marlinton will be greatly appreciated.

Official Vote of Pocahontas County.

	Huntersville.	Frost.	Marlinton.	Edray.	Spit Rock.	Mill Point.	Academy.	Lobelia.	Green Bank.	Dunmore.	Trav. Repose.	Total.
Alderson	69	32	65	65	54	89	107	36	167	44	49	779
Huling	66	48	69	92	31	36	44	58	21	51	13	493
Logan	69	32	66	65	54	89	110	36	168	44	49	782
Davies	66	48	68	90	31	35	44	58	21	15	13	489
Mooman	69	31	54	34	46	80	111	34	159	43	50	711
Moore	68	48	77	118	37	50	47	50	25	15	12	544
Beard	21	4	120	143	70	99	147	79	11	11	2	707
Hogsett	111	68	7	3	0	28	3	1	162	43	49	485
Barlow	65	32	61	97	52	58	112	34	155	43	49	709
Grimes	69	45	74	60	32	71	47	57	21	15	13	491
For Relocation at H.	96	37	6	2	2	8	4	0	28	15	7	205
Against	11	7	129	134	78	113	147	84	19	17	8	730

District officers were elected as follows: EDRAY—A. C. L. Gatewood, Justice; George McCollum, Constable; Jacob Moore and George Gibson, Commissioners of Board of Education.

LEVELS: Clark Wooddeil and J. R. Hill, Constables; Commissioners of Board of Education, Isaac McNeel and M. L. Beard.

GREEN BANK: Commissioners of Board of Education, S. B. Hannah and C. A. Lightner; Justices, Wm. L. Brown and Robert Sutton.

HUNTERSVILLE: Commissioners of Board of Education, J. H. Doyle and W. J. Moore.

Clover Lick.

There have been some fine deer and turkeys killed here this fall.

Some gun was mean enough to kill nine and wound another of Mrs. Hanna Geiger's turkeys.

Mr. William Sharp has gone to Pickens on business.

Mr. Uriah Hevener is having a house built on the foundation of the house that was burned.

The schools at this place are flourishing.

The roads at this place are in a bad condition. Why should not all overseers work their hands alike? Some hands have worked one day some two and three days, and some have worked never a day.

Sam Gay's sawmill is whistling in our neighborhood again.

There was a corn husking at Godfrey Geiger's, the other day, and a party afterwards. Some of the boys got quite merry before morning on account of their sweethearts.

Miss Rosie McCalpin has gone to her father's in Webster county.

Come back, come back, he cries aloud, Across this stormy mountain, And I'll take back what I have said, My darling, O my darling!

Closed Up.

Our correspondent from Alderson writes us that the editor of *The Man*, a Populist paper recently started at Alderson, left last week without getting out a paper, and that the office has been locked up by the Mayor for the editor's board bill. We think it must be evident to all that there is no demand for a Populist paper in the Greenbrier Valley, just now, and we doubt if there ever will be.—*Greenbrier Independent.*

W. P. Hutchison, the founder of the paper, left the employ of this paper, and various creditors in Marlinton, in an equally surreptitious manner. A certain leader among the Populists of Pocahontas, recently sent *The Man* a club list of twenty names from this county, and a letter saying that the paper was like a ray of light amid the darkness of these wilds. It is to be hoped that that same man will not feel the loss of his money to a very great extent, when those subscribers collect from him the amount he had them subscribe.

Keys Missing.

Foul play was suspected in Beverly, when just before the election it was found that the keys of the ballot boxes were missing. There was barely time to secure new padlocks and keys, before the election. Had the loss been discovered a little later the grand Democratic majority of Randolph county must have been lost.

Fever in Randolph.

Most alarming reports have come of the scourge of fever in Randolph county, centering at Huntersville. Mrs. Norval Russell a merchant there, died last week. Mr. Geo. D. Taylor, lately of this county, has it, and dozen more dangerous cases are reported. Adam Marshall has been reported worse this week, and Mr. E. I. Holt and wife have gone to Mingo to be with him.

Official declaration in the

Reichs-Anzeiger, Berlin, has conclusively proved to the world at large that Dowe's "bullet-proof" armor consisted of a steel plate enclosed in a pad, the pad alone being easily pierced by missiles at almost any distance. On account of its cumbersome nature, such an appliance would not be of any practical use to modern troops, who would become an easy prey to artillery fire if robbed of their mobility. But, although the Mannheim tailor has failed to convince military authorities of the usefulness of his invention, he has certainly given a new impetus to the struggle between armor and projectile. The latest attempt to render a bullet-resistant plate available for service in the field is a return to the earliest form of defense, the shield. *The St. James's Gazette*, London, says: "Captain Boynton has Patented a bullet-proof shield and rest, which has already been tested in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge. The shield weighs at present about eight pounds, but it could be made much lighter. It has been constructed with a view to protecting its bearer's head and chest, and can be fixed to the ground so as to form a perfect cover and a rest for the rifle, rendering pits unnecessary and the aim more sure. The trials were, in the words of the Duke of Cambridge, very satisfactory. The Duke indicated the spot at which a bullet fired at thirty yards should hit the shield, and several shots were fired within the compass of a penny, the result being slight dents only. The inventor was warmly congratulated. His plate is certainly bullet-proof, and has the advantage that it does not continually impose an additional weight upon the soldier, the main objection to armor worn on the body."

The New Survey.

A corps of engineers are surveying a route for a railroad from Beverly or Elkins to the Greenbrier River. They are accompanied by Mr. B. M. Yeager, who knows all these mountains from "away back."

The greatest difficulty is found in getting down off of Cheat Mountain on to the west prong of the river. The grade, however, is practicable and there are great hopes that the road will be built in the near future.

"Ring out wild tales, wherever from, The dying hope, the waning light, The railroad's coming in the night, Ring out wild tales and let her come."

Some spread-eagle orator said in a speech the other day that the Republican party was like the phoenix arising from its ashes. He is mistaken! It is a toad-stool fungus springing from the decay of a dunghill! Its temporary growth is not a sign of new life but of the completion of decay!—*Clifton Forge Review.*

Capt. Marshall's offer of 20 cents a pound for next year's clip of wool will not be accepted by a single sensible farmer in this county. Wool is on the rise, under the new tariff law, and every wool grower will realize at least 30 cents a pound next year.—*Tygar's Valley News.*